SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday

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LEST WE FORGET

On Sunday the thoughts of thousands turned to the martyred McKinley and paid him the tribute of memory on the anniversary of his birth.

Too many other thousands forgot, in the swift changes of history, the work of this man who once held the love of a nation and who gave his life to a crazed anarchist whose twisted brain believed that in killing this kindly man he was destroying all government.

Students of history may debate as to the greatness of this president, but none will question the statement that he stands as an outshining example of kindliness and of super-devotion to his home.

There comes, on the anniversary of his birth, the recollection of a frightened newspaper cub, hurriedly sent to visit the greatest man of the nation, three days before he fell before the bullet of an assassin.

A private car is standing in the smoky, desolate, antiquated depot at Cleveland. Secret service men are pacing at its side as engineers and firemen polish the great engine, trying as best they can to show honor in resplendent brass to their precious cargo. The faithful Cortelyou stands at his side, out upon the observation platform.

What he said was important in that hour, but it is not important now. Even his official acts have lost their significance in a world that has been made over since he ruled.

But as he spoke, his glance turned always to the seat just inside the door where "Mother," a frail, invalid with whom he tried to share his glory and his greatness, sat and watched William in the pride of a love that had lasted half a life time.

There was solicitude for her in every movement, and he stopped in his utterances from time to time, and stepped inside for a moment to change a cushion or to ask anxiously if there was anything that could relieve the fatigue of the journey that had just begun.

He sensed, of course, the feeling of awe of the youth who was just beginning a career and tried in his kindly way to dispel that feeling with that famous smile that brought to him closer friendships of a personal nature and more lasting ones than have been the fortune of other presidents of a more virile or combative nature.

But deeper and more significant than his words was that attitude which never for a moment blotted from his mind the woman whom health had left but whose heart always held his own.

Let others place this man in his proper niche in history. He served the day which called him to power and served it well.

To the bitterness of that hour, he was a victim. To the distrust that arose in the minds of men in a changing system of business and of industry can be traced the flame of wrath which finally lighted the torch of insanity in the distorted mind of his slayer.

He may not have been the greatest of presidents—but he was second to none in that fundamental honesty of character, that loyalty to friendships, that unwavering devotion to his wife which make him forever the outstanding American.

He gave his life to this nation. He left its thought higher and cleaner than it was before he was selected chief. He gave to the world an example too rich in the real traditions of this nation to be soon forgotten.

WAIT FOR THE EVIDENCE

Before any adverse judgment is formed against the athletes at Notre Dame because of the charge of professionalism, it might be well to wait for all the evidence.

The men whose names were mentioned have been popular idols not only in the college world but among all lovers of real sport.

As the facts now stand, the charge comes from a bunch of confessed gamblers, admittedly crooked promoters, who claim to have tried to capitalize the prowess of youths who had won fame and reputation on the football gridiron.

That these crooked gamesters were imposed upon in their own crooked game is quite likely.

The athletic authorities at Notre Dame have taken a high stand for clean athletics. They have not hesitated to take any drastic step that would keep its reputation above suspicion. It was the first of the great colleges and universities to come out openly for sporting contests free from any professional taint.

To the judgment of that board the public will give full confidence and complete trust. It has already shown its purposes and its courage. Until it acts, the reputation of youths who have won popular applause and favor should not be tossed away upon the unsupported charge of men who admit their own lack of integrity.

PLAYING HOOKEY

How much of what you learned in school can you remember now? And how much of the knowledge that teacher patiently drummed into you has really been of benefit in helping you solve life's foremost problem—making a good living?

For centuries, schools worked on the principle of cramming as many facts as possible into the pupil.

Common sense, which always prevails in the long run, has shown that the most important thing is to teach people how to think and how to "look up" knowledge when they need it, instead of making them pack-horses for a mass of useless or only occasionally useful information.

The first purpose of real education is to fill the stomach.

Mental gymnastics and "culture" are tremendously important, but secondary.

The primary function of schools is to equip children so that they can more easily win the battle against natural and human forces that constantly are working to destroy the grown-up.

An odd experiment in education—the City and Country School, is being tried in New York.

This school tries to make education as interesting as play, with no examinations, no compulsory home work.

It is based on manual training, the pupils learning by doing—an extension of the Gary plan.

If this school plan were universally adopted the whole system and machinery of the business world would be reproduced on a small scale in every schoolhouse.

Unfortunately, the great majority of school graduates are kept so busy earning a living that they have no time for culture.

This is kept in mind in the New York experimental school. For instance, a boy student is schooled in a trade like printing. He becomes eager to absorb studies like geography, arithmetic and chemistry, when he learns how they affect his practical work and make it easier.

For this scheme to work out 100 percent efficient, the student should know at the very start what he wants to be in life. That is possible only in exceptional cases. The school could, though, help him find his proper field.

The New York experiment's greatest value is that it makes school interesting instead of a bore.

If school is interesting, few want to play hookey.

Aroused interest is a short-cut to success.

Anything, even dull study, can be made interesting by proper psychological presentation. That is the real educator's problem and goal.

YOUR SHARE

Do you realize what the American farmers did for you personally in 1921?

If the crops they raised were divided, every man, woman and child in the United States would get, in rough figures:

Twenty-nine bushels of corn.
Seven and one-half bushels of wheat.
Ten bushels of oats.
One and one-half bushels of barley.
Four bushels of potatoes.
One ton of hay.
Eleven hundred sixty-five pounds, beef and pork.
Twenty-four pounds of sugar.
Eight pounds of peanuts.
One bushel of apples.

On top of all this, the farmer gave you wool, fruits, vegetables, meats and a host of other things.

A lot of this stuff was exported. But, in return for it, we got an equivalent in other commodities.

With these enormous supplies pouring steadily into our larder from the farms, it is hard to understand how there can ever be hunger in America.

And, surely, we should never have any difficulty in keeping warm. For our mines produce about five tons of coal a year for every American.

To help the coal keep us warm, the farmers produce 40 pounds of cotton and three pounds of wool a year for each of us.

Our oil industry yearly produces four and one-half barrels of oil and 47 gallons of gasoline for every American.

Enough iron was produced last year, despite depression, to give each of us 311 pounds.

You look these figures over, and you think, "My, how rich our country is, and what an awful lot of stuff it takes to keep our civilization going!"

It becomes even more of a marvel, when you consider that a complete list of our production of raw materials would be so long that it couldn't be printed in small type on a whole page of The News-Times.

We produce enough, in this country, to make every American prosperous all the time—in actual commodities.

And, on the average, we are prosperous most of the time.

We live in a "land of milk and honey."

That we can ever suffer want, in the midst of such a profusion of necessities and luxuries, is proof that there is something fundamentally wrong with our system of economics.

No one knows exactly what that something is.

We have had business depression in 1827, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1873, 1884, 1892, 1907 and the present time.

Some future generation will invent a regulator, a safety valve.

"Some packers are selling goat for lamb," says Washington. That's the only trust whose goat we've gotten.

The rate of exchange between foreign countries and the U. S. is several thousand gallons a day.

"French," says a Britisher, "don't consider Germany armless."

When a girl runs her fingers through a man's hair it is time to give up or go home.

A family on your hands keeps them busy.

Other Editors Than Ours

PIONEER.

(Los Angeles Record.)

The telegraph wires from Rochester, N. Y., bring news of the passing of George Baldwin Selden, 77 years old, "inventor of the first gasoline-propelled vehicle."

In 1873 Selden quit trying to make a horseless carriage with steam as motive power. Friends joshed him. For three more years, defying jibes, he worked on an auto engine designed to explode a mixture of "laughing gas" and kerosene. Finally in 1878 he drove out of his workshop in a gasoline car. Laughs stopped.

What place should Selden have in history? Clear a few acres, to make room.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CRITICS.

(Ft. Wayne Journal Gazette.)

Mr. Lawrence, in his letter to the Journal-Gazette of Thursday morning, paints a rather pathetic picture of Pres't Harding protesting against editorial criticism of his policies and public expressions. The president seems incredibly sensitive. When we recall the habitual tone with which the opposition press denounced and damned and maligned his predecessor, the critics of Mr. Harding seem drowsily dull and pitifully polite. Not only did we hear daily of Mr. Wilson's mannerisms in letter-writing, but we were served daily with dissertations on the theme that the rhetorical brilliance of Mr. Wilson was a sure sign of his intellectual mediocrity. The present executive has not been denounced as a "traitor," a "tyrant," an "autocrat," an "egotist," a "socialist" and an "anarchist"—terms that were constantly hurled at Mr. Wilson by men holding positions in our public life. On the contrary Mr. Harding has been treated kindly, and when the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" pictured him a mediocre weakling, proud of his good looks, even the democratic press took exceptions. It is inevitable and proper that the president's public speeches and statements and his policies will be frankly discussed and freely criticized. Not more than two years ago the president himself believed in the frankest criticism. Mere abuse is never proper, and always contemptible, when turned upon the head of the republic, albeit the supporters of Mr. Harding were not acting upon this conception of decency two years ago. But criticism there will be—more in the future than during the last year.

The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

(Editor's Note: The picture to the left at the top of this column may give some of the customers some cause for concern. Therefore a bit of explanation is in order. Ye olde wood cut of Ye Editor in Ye Olde Time Derby was made by a gent that wandered into the office the other day and wanted work. We asked him what he could do, and he sat down and sketched Ye Editor as he now looks. He explained he had been making wood cuts for years. After looking at the picture, we came to the conclusion it was wood alcohol he had been working on, not wood cuts. After this explanation we shall proceed with today's lesson.)

WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT THERE'LL BE NO TOWER TODAY ON ACCOUNT OF OUR LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Did any one of you in the hearing of my voice ever try to sit down and think and try to write something, while a 20-months-old baby cut up monkey shines along side of you? You haven't, eh? All right then, we'll continue with today's lesson.

Our little daughter, shortly after we began writing this, became tangled up in the electric wires of the Christmas tree, which we have kept intact in our living room for her special benefit although it's darn near the fourth of July by now, tangled up, we had to go to her rescue. After a hard struggle we finally succeeded in sorting the two of them out, Evelyn and the Christmas tree, and we returned heatedly to work at the end of an hour's delay, it having been necessary to ease the Christmas tree gently out of the window as a result of little daughter's accident.

Then we sat down to concentrate over the writing of The Tower. Jake Heckaman, we pondered, hadn't been mentioned lately, so we were busily engaged in framing up a wise crack revolving around Jake, when little Evelyn suddenly without no warning whatsoever, fell off the eighth story of one of our best book cases. Of course this particular book case still belongs to Fred Rose, but he being away on a trip, we call it ourn to our neighbors and friends just for convenience sake.

But to return to little Evelyn, our little prize and joy; she had a hard fall. We'll say candidly that her father never had a harder one, although it is a well known fact that he fell off the Flat Iron building, in South Bend not New York, one night during a heavy storm. As we said, Evelyn's fall was a tough one and she took it just that way. She let out a roar that could be heard to Michigan street, and the clever little joke we had been so busy framing up on Jake Heckaman, the white-coated genius, was ruined, positively. As yet, we haven't been able to find out from little Evelyn whether she was looking for a volume of Shakespeare or Ring Lardner, or deliberately threw herself from the book case after taking a look at her old man, but of course the details will not interest the trade.

I shall continue with today's lesson. We was busy frowning heavily with regard to a deep joke we had thought up with reference to Fred Bryan's boils, when crash—bang—our little daughter again assumed the center of the stage. She was working with a full stage, two bands playing, and the spot light all over her. She had been playing in the kitchen, it seems, trying her best to forget her fall off the book case, when suddenly in her wanderings she stepped into the laundry chute.

It wouldn't have been quite so bad if the dear little thing would have stepped into the chute and ridden easily down the three flights to the basement, but on the way down it seems she absent mindedly began to cry, probably over disappointment at leaving her old man so unexpectedly. This caused her little chest to expand to such an extent that she stuck in the chute between the first and second floors.

Now any of the customers will agree with me that this is a very serious situation. Picture the scene if you will. The poor old gray-haired father, weighed down by debts to bootleggers, gamblers, and other merchants, trying hard to earn an honest dollar, even staying away from his Sunday school class in his devotion to his family, bending every effort to the building of deep jokes about his fellow townsmen, striving to concentrate—with his loving little daughter stuck in the laundry chute between floors!

We doubt if on all the pages of history there was ever registered a more touching incident!

What to do. What to do. Of course all thought of continuing with the Tower until our little daughter was rescued and out of danger, was abandoned. While the little lady screamed pitifully, we talked the matter over with the business manager. It was finally decided to summon laundry chute experts. After frantic telephoning, we at last were successful in getting one of these experts on the phone. We explained the situation over the phone with difficulty, little Evelyn's screams time and again drowning our voice. He admitted it was a serious situation, but explained he wouldn't be able to come on the case for at least two weeks.

Where was we—oh yes, any of the trade will readily understand that two weeks was too long, so we decided to proceed with the rescue job in our own way. The plan we devised was to drop heavy objects on the little lady until she finally slid down to the bottom of the chute. We had arranged beforehand to have an open cider barrel at the bottom, for the little girl to drop in, with the business manager standing alongside to see that Evelyn didn't drown or try to drink her way out. A flat iron finally dislodged the little sweetheart and she slid easily down the chute into the barrel of cider.

We were overjoyed at the rescue. Evelyn was full of splinters and cider, and we finally got her back upstairs, but as we moved toward our Corona to resume The Tower we heard a startling rumor that our little pride and joy had just got herself locked in the Sonora. We hasten to the rescue. We'll get through with this new task just as soon as possible, so you folks just wait please until we return!

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest

THE IMPORTANT JOB.

I may fail to be as clever as my neighbor down the street,
I may fail to be as wealthy as some other men I meet,
I may never win the glory which a lot of men have had,
But I've got to be successful as a little fellow's dad!

There are certain dreams I cherish which I'd like to see come true,
There are things I would accomplish ere my time of life is through,
But the task my heart is set on is to guide a little lad
And to make myself successful as that little fellow's dad.

I may never come to glory, I may never gather gold,
Men may list me with the failures when my business life is told,
But if he who follows after shall be manly, I'll be glad,
For I'll know I've been successful as that little fellow's dad.

It's the one job that I dream of, it's the task I think of most,
If I failed that growing youngster, I'd have nothing else to boast;
For though wealth and fame I'd gathered, all my future would be sad
If I'd failed to be successful as that little fellow's dad.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

A PROTECTED INDUSTRY.

In dear old Paris, years ago,
When managers produced a show,
And carping scribes
Penned diatribes
Upon the leading actors,
The actors, as in duty bound,
Next morning sent their cards around
And asked the sight
To meet and fight
Their cynical detractors.

Today an actor cannot start
A duel to defend his art,
Although the raps
Of critic chaps
Arouse his savage dander.
He's not permitted to run through
The writer of a harsh review,
But may assuage
His righteous rage
By bringing suit for slander.

In consequence the critics' stuff
In Paris is becoming rough,
Full well they wot
They can't be shot
For getting mean or funny,
And, if the actor should resort
For satisfaction to a court,
It will not fright
The men who write;—
They haven't any money!

A GOOD OPENER.

Evidently Kid Wedge thought his name would get him into Harvard.

DIFFERENCE OF METHOD.

The Germans have been buying plots for consulates in this country. The time is past when they could make plots here.

DULL DOG.

Little is to be said for the dog which growled at a movie villain unless he came in too late to get a look at the hero.

VERSE O' CHEER

By Edgar L. Jones

The world is full o' gladness, full o' happiness and gay
Full o' heart-warmin' sunshine sent to cheer us on our way
And it seems that all th' pleasures and th' joyfulness we view
Are all joinin' hands together just to gladden me and you.

Oh th' songbirds sweetly singin' with a wealth o' joy an' cheer
An' th' fairy breath o' perfume from th' flowers bloomin' near,
Sorta seem to blend together all th' happy hours thru,
Kinda joinin' up their sweetness just to gladden me and you.

Th' world seems overflowin' with th' happy things of life
That try to overshadow all our sorrow an' our strife
An' if we just smile a little they will quickly come in view
An' will lend their brightness willingly to gladden me and you.

EDGAR L. JONES.